streets ended a few blocks from the railroad station. Beyond them were vineyards and orchards, with cottages of rough stone hidden among the trees and bushes, a maze of winding country roads and footpaths, tiny patches of land, tiny fields studded with flowers, flooded with sun, slumbering in luxurious laziness.

The mayor showed us his bachelor's house, then took us to see some of his friends. Each treated us to homemade wine and showed us his vineyard and garden. Everyone talked of local affairs and world politics. The World War would end in a universal peace; all peoples would disarm, recognizing the futility of wars; Communism in Russia would disappear. I felt the optimism of these people came from the blue sky and balmy air. Drowsy from endless talk, wine, and sun, we went to bed in the mayor's house. Next morning we got up early, but our host told us that the horses were not ready and that some more people wanted to meet us. Why should we start before lunch? After lunch, he suggested a rest. Life was leisurely indeed in that land!

The road by which we traveled crossed a broad valley, climbed hills, plunged into another valley, and rose again, crossing fields and stretches of woods. We stopped overnight at the house of a distant cousin of the mayor. The house, built in the seventeenth century, was a cube-shaped structure of rough stone. It had two stories and an open porch—a modern addition. The windows on the ground floor looked like loopholes for rifles. The only door was narrow and flanked by buttresses designed for its defense. This had once been a feudal castle, but little remained of its ancient splendor. Its owner claimed the title of prince but tilled his vineyards and fields with his own hands. He was a husky man, slow-moving and taciturn. A bachelor, he lived with his mother, a small frail lady with manners appropriate to an imaginary court. Inside, the house was bare and shabby, but the family had preserved its coat of arms and a beautiful dagger in a silver scabbard. At table we talked politics. Our host did not care for a republican government in Georgia: "Why a republic when the people could have chosen a worthy ruler among a dozen old royal families?"

We left the mansion early in the morning. The road wound upward among the hills. We passed people walking in the same direction in small groups, two or three families together. Some were dragging a sheep or a goat. We passed carts drawn by nondescript mares. Horsemen overtook us, some of them poorly clothed but mounted on beautiful chargers.

It was after dusk when we neared our destination. The road passed through a thick forest. From afar came tunes of plaintive songs and oriental string music. Then campfires appeared among the trees. The music became louder—the whole forest seemed to be singing with a thousand voices. Perhaps these sounds would have impressed a more